

# OREGON Daily EMERALD

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## Spring Term at the U . . .

SPRING term, sans picnics and fanfare, opened Wednesday. Contrary to trite phraseology, we will not say it will be a term of great suffering, which it will be in many parts of the world, nor will we say it will be a term demanding the utmost in studies, for most students already realize the burden is on their own shoulders. It is more a term of great tests, though not of the class room variety.

Off campus, the entire United States faces tests—in Tunisia (Will the Axis be driven out), in Russia (Can Stalin's armies hold their ground and push ahead), in western Europe (Will spring term see the opening of a real second front!)

On campus, it is most of all a test for the individual reservist's strength—through that uncertain wait which precedes the call we know is coming.

It is a heavy test for fraternities, this last term of semi-normal campus life—whether to remain open, how to "double up" on dinners with a neighboring house, the problems of readjustment to a situation rapidly changing.

FOR the ASUO, it is a test in student government—to remain alive not only this term, but also on the women's, 4-F's, and service man's campus of next fall.

We are just on the verge of all the great changes which have been predicted for so many months. Spring term at the U will tell. In a few weeks we will see the departure of some-160 ERC men for parts unknown. Air corps and other reservists may leave through the term. Yet it is unlikely that campus life will shrivel up and die. Spring ushers in no glamorous picture of optimism, yet neither is it a time for despair. Many houses will close before another year can open—but it is only a durational setback. Civilians will leave, but many will return in army garb; the campus will not resemble a deserted village. Activities and student government will be curtailed, but in some design they will carry on, even should it mean women in both president and vice-president posts as it did in World War I.

Somehow the Axis will be pushed from Tunisia, and somehow student government will survive. Somehow Russia will fight a German push to save the re-gained land, and somehow the individual reservist will carry his study load until that call comes. In some way, a second front will open, and in some way students will adapt themselves to rapid campus changes. There will be curtailment, but far from a dead spring term at the U.

## U. S. Guns for Peace . . .

MARCH 19, today, is a twenty-third anniversary that calls for commemoration. Not for celebration—but commemoration. On March 19, 1920 a serious faced man sought to marry his friend to an ideal. But a massed voice of opposition arose. As seldom happens in a marriage ceremony, men spoke—they never held their peace.

On March 19, 1920 the United States Senate voted against entering the League of Nations. So there is no wedding anniversary to commemorate. President Wilson, the serious faced, the peace-maker had inspired world-wide hope for and faith in the ideal of peace. He fathered the league, and rallied nations to its trump of peace. But he could not wed his "friend" the government of the United States, his people, to the ideal.

Organization of the League climaxed four years of world warfare, four years of bloodshed, mental anguish, and work to establish peace. Wilson's 14 points, his pledges of international re-organization, of just settlement for all peoples, played a great role in the armistice. The leaflets scattered throughout the warring nations, bearing the 14 point peace pledge in German, Austrian, French, Italian inspired confidence in people tired of war. Yet his own people lost faith first, and in a reactionary wave cast the vote that turned all the struggle to no account.

ON THIS day of commemoration, another world conflict rages. At the very moment, U. S. agents and sympathizers distribute pamphlets; match covers, blotters, all manner of propaganda material throughout the world; each piece carries a promise in a foreign language, a pledge to foreign nations that the United States is out to help them win freedom from aggression, and peace.

On this day, in commemoration, anticipating another world peace conference, each American can only hope and pray: may we have leaders to point out and promote the ways of peace; may party lines, political ambitions and animosities be abandoned in the work for peace; may obstruction be abandoned, and cooperation take its place. May all Americans unite in the fight and settlement.

May the U.S. man the guns of peace as she mans those of war  
—J. W.

# Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

This is the first of 1 or 2, or 4 or 5, or until - the - paper - runs - out articles on our spring vacation trip to San Francisco.

Our first article will be entitled "From Hell to Heaven" or "From Final Exams to the Top o' the Mark."

Our last article will be entitled "From Heaven to Hell" or "From the Top o' the Mark to Registration."

This is the first article.

Went to San Francisco on the train . . . they called it.

The trip down was grimy, torture for our neatly pressed tweed suit, and uneventful except for several events.

Got at least five hours sleep. Divided our unslept time between appreciating a not-too-professional rendition of Beethoven's Fifth by the baby across the aisle, and convincing our hand that our pen knife was too good for the kid.

The second movement was a safety-pin-agitated fortissimo, and the performance was brought to a beautiful conclusion by a much needed fifth movement "Changing of the Diaper—Alle-gro."

The lady in the seat next to us spent a good deal of Saturday morning trying to convert us. She had been all over the world converting heathens and aborigines. Didn't think it was so apparent, or was it our shampoo.

At last we wriggled loose and had lunch. We returned to find her boning up on examples from the New Testament to further break down our resistance.

We went on reading the Police Gazette.

She told us that an SAE who was well lemon-coked had been talking to her last night between cars and that the conductor had told them it was against the law —to talk in between cars.

She asked us what we were going to do in San Francisco.

"Sleep and go to the bars, and sleep—and go to the bars—and go to the bars" . . . She left. Guess she thought we were getting too much sleep.

"Hey, lady, bring back that Police Gazette!"

# Larsen Says--

(Editor's note: The following article by Al Larsen was written in reply to an article in the February issue of Readers' Digest on profits.)

Dear Grandfather:

Your letter to me explaining how there can be a profit which is not taken from the work of someone else was simple and helpful.

You write about a primitive society of 100 people and say that "profit is the result of enterprise which builds for others as well as for the enterpriser," but we high school students have been talking together and we think that maybe our profit system is a little mixed up today. There were some questions asked of me which I should like to pass on to you, if you don't mind.

Bit Radical

One of the boys—he's a bit radical, I think—wanted to know why the 99 people didn't own the

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# B'tween the Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

I HADN'T SEEN so many people in one place since last registration. I had rushed over there early to avoid the rush.

I met all of my old friends, and I shook his hand heartily.

"Glad to see yer back," I told him.

"Well, I knew it would be kinda warm in here," he explained.

And so I stood in line and waited for Jack to give me a card.

"Thank you, Jack," I said, as he shuffled the deck and served me.

"Aw—it was nothing," said Jack modestly.

I would have filled out the card, except for one minor detail. No ink in my pen. And I didn't bring a pencil with me.

The Touch

"May I borrow yer pen, Jack?"

"How about this pencil?"

"Swell," I said.

"Cards must be filled out in ink," said Jack.

So I filled it out in pencil.

Next came my trial program.

My adviser acted as judge.

"Well, what do you want to take this term?" he asked.

Hmm

"Well—gym," I ventured.

"And what else?"

"Military."

"Yes—"

I hesitated. "How many credits does that make?"

My adviser counted on his fingers. "Two," he announced.

Ahem

After we had the program worked out I borrowed his pencil, and filled out the cards. I was handing them in to their respective homes when two girls came up.

"May I have your autograph?"

one of the girls asked, hypothetically.

"Sure," I said, generously. "Er, may I borrow your pencil?" I signed my name with flourishes.

The girl pointed to it and said to her companion, "See—you were wrong!"

Have One

I watched Dan hang up another closed-class sign.

"Hello, Dan," I said.

"That was the nicest thing you could have said to me," said Dan with emotion.

Before leaving I had to sign my name on my activity card. I borrowed the pencil from the kid at the window.

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# Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Those whose pulse is quickened by a stomping, solid beat are directing their footsteps this week toward the sign of the windmill on the Springfield road. It is not often that the old college town is privileged to hear so remarkable a musician as Bruce Patterson, colored ace of—check this—the banjo, Eddie Peabody and followers have blackened the name of the guitar's brother in the eyes of most present-day jazzists, but many still remember the days & disks of Chicago, K. C., and New Orleans when no one had ever heard of using a guitar in a righteous jam outfit.

Bruce is not some second-rate character relying on a bookwoods vaudeville circuit for a meager existence. Fact is, he is an ex-Ellington man. And the gratifying thing about him is that he is not in the game merely for the shekels he can make: he loves to play.

Tuesday night, for instance, he was slated to do two floor shows at the House of Erickson. Actually, when the trio which furnishes the week-night dance material started playing, he restrained himself as long as possible and then climbed up on the stand with the boys and started pounding away. Though most of the customers don't appreciate how amazing the Patterson technique is, he is called back time and again after every show and in between the tricks which catch the audience's ear, you hear dozens of little things coming from his flying fingers that will make you catch your breath. Like playing rock-solid rhythm and biting, jazzy ad lib on top of each other. Yes.

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